

who's thAt at thE doOr?

IT MAY BE

# THE OMEN

57.4

11/8/2022 (just in time for Halloween!)



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Staff Box: (In order of appearance)

Jay: Bluster Kong

Teddy: James Corden

Nicholas: James Hoffman

Jacqueline-Delphine: Camilla, that Dirty Bitch

Willow: Trish Keenan

Kodiak: Lin Manuel Miranda's character in Mary Poppins

Returns

Sean: Mary C. Cole

Leo: my wife:)

Luke: Angela Lansbury

Ronan: Alan Turing

Jordan: Idris Elba

Maria: Philomena Cunk

Mia: Princess Diana, Queen of our Hearts

Peter: Prue Leith

Front Cover: Mia Sanghvi

Back Cover: Eliza Gelinas

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in any format (no PDFs please) by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu, the Omen Office, Leo's mailbox (1593), or Jay's mailbox (0370).

Policy

The Omen is an every-other-week-ly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that break neither the law nor the Hampshire College Student Handbook. Send your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fanfiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry to omen@hampshire.edu; we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish.

Your submission must include the name you use around campus: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which take place every other Friday at 7:00 p.m. in the basement of Merrill A. You should come and answer the staff box question. We don't bite. You can find the Omen every other Monday in Saga, the post office, online at expelallo.men, and just about any other place we can find to put it.

Find all issues here!

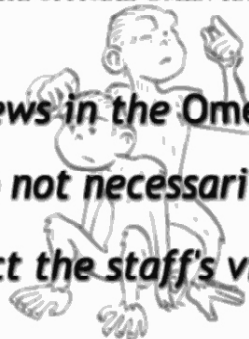


THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

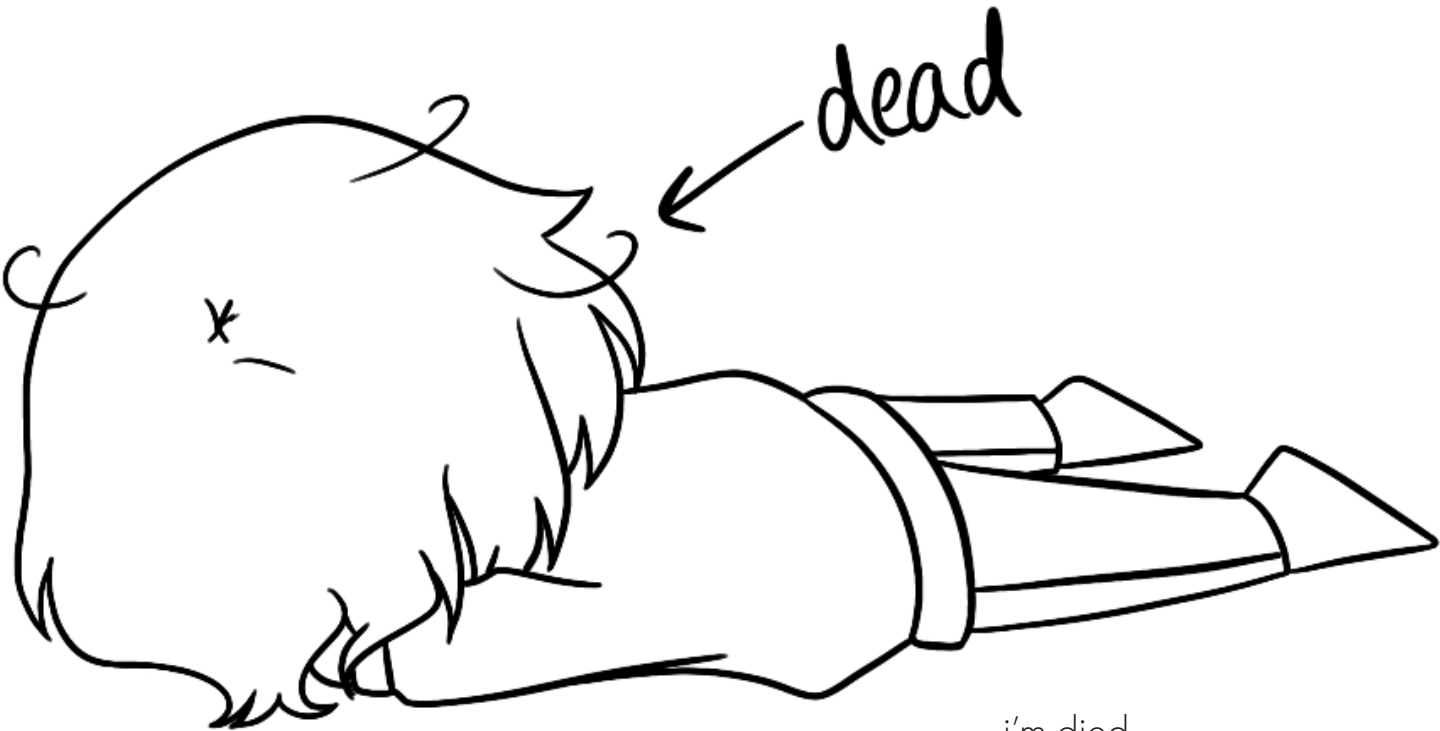
Reflect the staff's views (5)



EDITORIAL



by Leo Zhang and Jay Poggi





# SECTION SPEAK

## Short List of Enjoyable Vocaloid Songs from October 2022 by Jess Lin Jiménez

I have a whole list of things I wanted to write about for vocaloid in the way I did last time, like a sort of mini “lesson”. For a number of reasons I’m not doing it this time. I will list some vocaloid songs that came out in the past month (as of Nov 4) that I really enjoy + recommend. (No order)

1. **Let’s take medicine and sleep / Mochitsune ft. Hatsune Miku** - October 9, 2022  
(おくすり飲んで寝よう / 初音ミク - もちうつね) (O Kusuri Nonde Neyou)



Style: Cute and catchy in a relaxing way, fun animation/visuals, lyrics you’ll probably relate to if you’re neurodivergent, especially if you’ve ever been/had: depressed, lonely, hopeless, executive function struggles, on psych meds

Comments: This song is totally this year’s Kyu Kurarin! Also, it’s very rare that Miku sounds so pretty in my opinion.

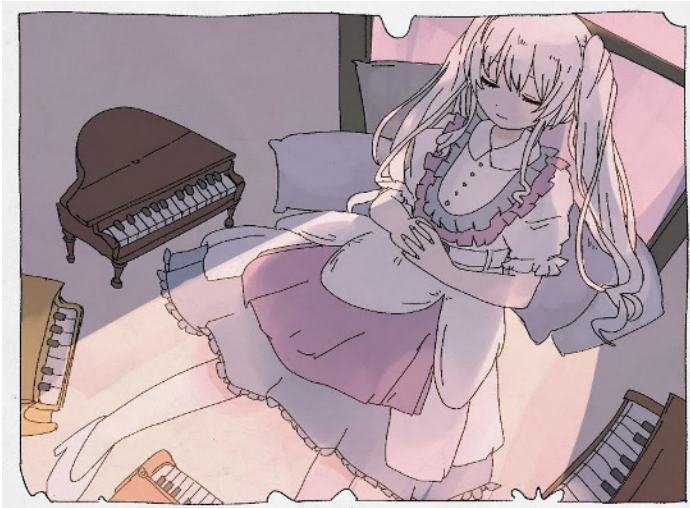
2. **Even Though It’s Not Okay / YASAI SHOP ft. KAFU** - October 16, 2022  
(大丈夫じゃないくせに / 可不) (Daijobu Janai Kuse Ni)



Style: Tragic in theme but the music is catchy w/ somewhat fast tempo... not sure how to explain it. The person in the song secretly wants to be honest about how they’re suffering but in the end is too afraid to upset others with their negativity or to break out of character.

Comments: There is so much feeling in this song and I thank the author, YASAI SHOP.

3. **Till Your Tear Goes / Iyowa ft. Hatsune Miku** - October 26th, 2022  
(頬が乾くまで / いよわ feat.初音ミク) (Hoho ga Kawaku Made) (lit.Until Your Cheeks Dry)



Style: ??? if you like Kyu Kurarin you will like this song by the same producer. Iyowa always uses unique and complex melodies that give the song a very dynamic feel and sound. This is without making the song sound messy except when the messiness is used to convey emotion/mental state of the speaker like in Urapocere (うらぽしゃ). Till Your Tear Goes is a calming, quiet, and lovely kind of chaotic.

Comments: To an incredible degree, I prefer this song over the more popular recent song Heat Abnormal. I do enjoy that the other song uses Adachi Rei and congratulate Iyowa for getting it into the top 100 for Vocacolle!

4. **My Time (Omori ver.) by bo en / covered by Kikuo ft. Miku** - October 19th, 2022



Style: Kikuo. Especially starting at 1:12.

Comments: **WHAT CAN BE SAID???** SOOOO also did a mini cover using Len + Oliver!

Highly Honorable Mentions:

1. **ÂMARA(大未来電腦) / sasakure.UK ft. HatsuneMiku+KAITO**  
Experimental, artcore + breakcore elements, \*\*really\*\* cool MV
2. **Broken Fairground / muship ft. KAFU**  
Relaxing. He sings in this one!! In Eng + Jap!!! I love his stylized MVs.
3. **PinocchioP - Killer Spider feat. Hatsune Miku - [[flashing colors]]**  
A very PinocchioP song! Super catchy, amazing visuals, interesting lyrics 🐭

# Go get your COVID-19 bivalent booster shot!

by Sarah Steely

Psssst you! Yeah you! Have you had a covid booster shot or a covid infection since September 2? No? Then YOU NEED TO GET BOOSTED BY NOVEMBER 30 and send Health Services proof that you did it.

All students (and employees) are required to get the bivalent booster that came out in September. Maybe you’ve seen messages about the requirement. Maybe you haven’t. Maybe you got boosted more than two months ago and think you’re all set. (I have news for you—you aren’t.) Maybe you’re just over covid and wish people would stop talking about it. Maybe you just keep procrastinating. Maybe you’re exhausted. I get it. But go do it anyway! Because we all have to. And it is one of the best things you can do protect yourself and your loved ones (and even people you don’t like very much!), especially as winter break approaches and we scatter to the wind for a couple of months.

So schedule an appointment and/or go boosted today! UMass Amherst has vaccine appointments every Thursday and Friday!



<https://www.umass.edu/uhs/covid-19-vaccine>

<https://vaxfinder.mass.gov>



You can also find appointments locally using the Massachusetts vaxfinder tool!

Once you get that booster shot, email proof of vaccination to [healthservices@hampshire.edu](mailto:healthservices@hampshire.edu). Thanks for reading this.\*\* And thanks for getting boosted!

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\*Side note: Slapping a mask over your snot factory is the other best thing to do to help protect people! There are more cold and flu germs swimming in the viscous soup of North America’s collective mucus secretions right now than there have been in years. So if you might be sick, cover that cough and trap those germs behind a mask unless the people you are with consent to the germ swap that will inevitably happen. And obvs mask up if you’re somewhere that it is required, like everywhere indoors at Hampshire right now.

\*\*It feels kind of weird that my first Omen submission since I was a student\*\*\* is asking people to go get boosted, but it’s THAT IMPORTANT. It overrode my inherent laziness about following through with all of the Omen intentions I’ve had over the last decade that I’ve worked here. Maybe next time I’ll write about something vaguely more interesting? Like the myths and legends of the creepy Cole Science basement. Or what woods parties were like back when I was a student. Or some really sweet science jokes.\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*Fo2...when did I get old?!

\*\*\*\* I’m in my ELEMENT when it comes to telling chemistry puns! But I only use them PERIODICALLY! Because otherwise they get no REACTION. Haha, but really they are SODIUM funny that you gotta slap your NEON them.

# Biweekly Film Review: *Requiem for a Dream*

by Jacqueline-Delphine Laffitte

Score 10/10      The classy french twist donut accompanied by a shitty coffee rattling

SPOILER ALERT SORT OF

Though not categorized as a horror film, the content in this film scared the shit out of me. This is not the type of movie you share with your partner while cuddling; I did that and regretted it. (We broke up two and half weeks later, so the viewing could have contributed to it) I saw Ellen Burystn in the credits and I needed to watch it asap. The two components that make the film very effective are the cinematography in juxtaposition with the music score. Upon first watching the movie I assumed that the film was on a low budget and the shots were haphazardly edited to hide the quality of the shots. I watched it again, coming to the conclusion that there was artistic and intellectual intent. The most remarkable music was the track played when all hell breaks loose, Sarah Goldfarb is administered ECT to treat her “amphetamine-induced psychosis”, Marrion pursues sex work to feed her addiction, Harry gets his arm amputated due to an infected heroin site, and Tyrone works slave labor at a prison with abusive racist officers. The song consisted of tension and an anxiety-inducing melody with an ambient techno beat. The premise of the film is not necessarily an anti-drug commercial (to be honest it did fulfill that function for me) in my opinion because Sarah did not take her amphetamines recreationally, to her they were just pills to help her lose weight. Out of all the characters in this movie, I connect mostly to Sarah and it breaks my heart. The core message of this film confuses me considering I am still analyzing it. Does addiction destroy the lives of people around you and yourself? What do you have responsibility for? If it felt like a matter of survival would I also do depraved things or put others in danger to have access to substances? I feel for this reason people who are interested in watching this movie need a trigger warning. This movie opened up a can of worms and I still have philosophical debates in my mind from it months later after watching it.

Postscript: If people want to me to certain films inform me I will continue this segment.🐑



wpw  
by willow watson

recently, i’ve been suffering from a recurring shock, which is jarring & uncomfortable & strangely affirming all at once, each time it happens. specifically, i feel it when i hear my given name, though the name itself isn’t the issue. rather, i’m thrown off every time because no one else realizes what’s transpired - that at one point that could have meant me, that something uniquely relevant to me was just spoken & no one else noticed. having used the same name for almost my entire life, it’s still novel to realize that people don’t see me that way anymore, that everyone recognizes me now by the name i’ve chosen. it’s certainly relieving to have proof that people see me first & foremost as a willow, but once again i feel the need to address what came before that.

when i was born, i was given the name “seamus patrick watson,” a name with a lot of significance to me for many reasons. “watson” came from my dad, meaningful mainly as an inherited tie to that side of the family; “patrick,” too, was a family name, passed around throughout my mom’s side, even after her parents migrated from ireland to the united states; & finally, “seamus” was the irish form of my dad’s name, james, & a name my parents always thought fit me perfectly. as a careful combination of my parents’ influences, it was even more special because my initials matched my mom’s (susan patricia watson), just as my brother’s matched my dad’s when he was born a year & a half later. yet despite the thought that went into it, i never paid much attention to my name when i was little - the only reason i ever thought about it was the fact that substitute teachers never pronounced it correctly. almost no one my age knew the name, & even those who did only knew it from harry potter, so i never got the sense that it impacted how people saw me or thought of me. it certainly never seemed like an overtly masculine name to me, & so even once i started to have issues with the question of my gender, it was not something that i ever felt strongly about.

that really didn’t change until i decided i was going to transition. the gradual realization that not only did i feel dysphoric & uncomfortable with myself, but that i actually would be happier if i transitioned & that it was a possibility to do so left me with an opening to look deeper into myself & see what else i hadn’t been honest about. this was my chance to reshape myself according to how i wanted to be seen & known, & i discovered along the way that my name was a core part of that. of course, just knowing that i wanted to reinvent myself didn’t mean that i had an idea of who i would grow into, which made the process of choosing a name much harder than just picking something i liked. one of the first considerations i took into account was that i didn’t want to choose something shared by people i knew personally (in order to avoid whatever awkwardness that might create), but at the same time i also didn’t want to use a name that called attention to itself or stuck out as something i’d chosen for myself. that ruled out both more common names like rebecca or charlotte or alice, & less common ones like harmony or river. i didn’t want my name to be explicit in where it came from or why i chose it, & so as much as i liked the name luna, i would never seriously consider it because *everyone would know i got it from harry potter*. nor did i want my name to be a compromise - i wouldn’t be picking something more gender-neutral to appease people reluctant to see me as a girl, & i wouldn’t just try to find a feminine version of my given name & give anyone an excuse to overlook my transition.

on top of all of these considerations, i had to weed out the names that sounded too old, or too pretentious, or too silly, until i was left with a list of names that might work, from which i’d have to choose. i started trying to see how they looked in initials, how they sounded along with my last name, how well they paired with my brother’s name, & every other metric i could think of for finding which one would be best. the funny part was how little i actually worried outright about how well the name


fit me - i assumed that i would grow into anything i chose, & so in my eyes it didn’t have to be an obvious choice. that oversight steered me away from more explicitly irish names, or ones that held the connections my given name had, & eventually led me to tentatively choose holly, over my other top choice, willow. over time, however, i realized that i missed the meaning & connections inherent in a name chosen by my parents, & so i decided finally to share my thoughts with them & give them a role in my decision. even if i wanted to have the chance to make my own choice, i wanted my family to remain a part of my life through my transition, & i valued their ability to provide a different perspective of myself than i had been taking all along. they liked many of the names that i was considering, but above all they felt strongly that “willow” fit with who they knew me to be, which was greatly reassuring to hear after so much uncertainty on my part. once they started to try out names along with me, i became more & more certain that it was the right choice, & comfortable with asserting myself as “willow patricia watson.”

so why write this article if i am comfortable with my name, & what it expresses about me? if i’m content with what meaning it holds & where i’ve arrived with my understanding of it, what more needs to be worked out about it? i think my answer is that despite my relatively newfound comfort with my chosen name, the one i used before has not lost all of what it used to mean, & that if for no other reason, i want to speak on it so as not to be the only who feels that same shock every time i hear it. 🙄



by Isabelle Grady 🙄





# HOT MILES IN YOUR AREA

VISIT THE SEXPERTS


TUESDAYS AT 6

DAKIN LIVING ROOM


## I CHANGED THE WORLD. /s

### BY WREN DAGOSTINO

YOU MAY KNOW ME FROM MY VERY ODD AND SLIGHTLY FREUDIAN ARTICLE I WROTE FOR THE OMEN....




THINGS ID PUT MY DICK IN IF I HAD ONE!




I WAS THRILLED THAT PEOPLE RELATED AND LOVED MY SILLY LITTLE ARTICLE...

AND MAYBE ITS JUST A COINCIDENCE..... BUT LATELY...



I THINK I STARTED A TIKTOK TREND...



THE OTHER DAY LIKE 20 PEOPLE SENT ME DIFFERENT TIKTOKS THEY SAW ABOUT PUTTING THEIR NONEXISTENT DICK INTO THINGS... THE SAME WORDING TOO!

IS THIS LIKE A BUTTERFLY EFFECT? DID THE OMEN REACH THE OUTSIDE WORLD?.

OR DID I..... MANIFEST IT INTO THE WORLD? AM I A PSYCHIC LIKE MY GRANDMA TOLD ME?

## Dead End of Autumn

by Malfoy Kimmel

I watch bare branches rattle with a furrowed brow--  
this is my first dead end of autumn  
and I, too, am dying with a chewed-up November  
every step cradled  
by a watching bluebird's pity.

she has a home to sleep in,  
tiny feathers growing in layers to keep her warm.  
in her dreams there is a gentle and kind god,  
who does not wake her thrumming heart  
prodding into cold sweat.

these living things will huddle soon  
in nooks and crannies cast in tender shadow.  
I will close my windows and write the same thing  
over and over, about seasons and death  
and await mine.



# Chocolat Chaud: A Contemplation

by Peter Lampropoulos

*Author’s Note: I wrote this for a class last fall, and was recently encouraged to publish it here, on account of its snobbishness. Enjoy (or don’t).*

It’s a cold day—the kind you don’t want to be out in, the kind that makes it a pleasure to be inside. Maybe it’s a particularly harsh autumn day, and the wind is strong and biting, or maybe it’s a snowy winter day, fog frosting the windows—or maybe it’s just a rainy and gloomy day somewhere in between. Something inside you feels as though there ought to be a fire flickering nearby, and a mug of something warm in your hand. It’s the kind of day for *chocolat chaud*.

If you don’t speak French, that’s how they say hot chocolate. But what the French call hot chocolate, and what Americans call hot chocolate, are two different things. Many of us grew up with Swiss Miss—if you wanted to be fancy you would mix it into milk instead of water. If you were like me, you were accustomed to cocoa powder and sugar dissolved into milk on the stove or in the microwave.

*Chocolat chaud* is beyond any of those things. It occupies the fine space between a science and an art, something requiring care and ardor. It must be neither too sweet nor too bitter, too light nor too dark, too thick nor too thin. I first had it sitting at a sidewalk table outside a café in Paris, on a crisp, wind-blown afternoon in early October. It puts all other hot chocolate to shame—as soon as I returned to the States, I knew I had to learn to make it myself.

When I first attempted making it, I anticipated that it wouldn’t be the same as that cup of ambrosia, that it was Paris more than it was the drink itself that had so enamored me. But while the setting certainly played its own role, I was elated to discover that *chocolat chaud* holds up on this side of the Atlantic. I’ve tweaked my recipe over the years to better resemble what I remember from that Parisian café, and I believe I have finally gotten it right.

It has become my favorite thing to make for friends during the cold months—and one of their favorite things to drink. My extended family has come to ask for it at Christmas every year. Most people are content with *chocolat chaud* as something they experience from the cup rather than from the stove. But I wish they would ask me for the recipe, so that they could make it for themselves on those bitter days when they might long for it. Perhaps they think it’s too magical for them to pull off—and it is magical. It isn’t hard, not at all, but it is magical. The making of it is as magical as the drinking. Come with me now to my stove, and I will show it to you.

Pour some milk into a pot. Use whole milk. *Always* use whole milk, never skim. With too little fat, the *chocolat chaud* finishes too thin, and the texture isn’t quite as smooth. Don’t compromise this experience with “healthy” ingredients; it isn’t worth it. In fact, I always add a small amount of cream to the mix—as much as 25 percent. You may think this makes it too rich, but this isn’t the kind of hot chocolate you gulp down from a large mug all at once. It’s something you experience with all the senses, something you savor with each sip.

One of the secrets is a cinnamon stick. Infusing the whole cinnamon stick, as opposed to adding powdered cinnamon, makes for a smoother texture and a different flavor. Rather than adding overt spice, it contributes a subtle warmth and woodiness. Add it in while the milk is still cold. It will accompany us for the whole journey.

Turn on the heat. It shouldn’t be too hot, only hot enough to gradually bring the milk to a faint simmer. As the milk warms, drop in a small amount of vanilla extract. Watch as a coffee-brown plume emerges, and then disperses into a creamy haze. Stir in a spoonful of brown sugar. The small amount

of molasses it contains is another of our invisible friends here, bringing out the depth of the chocolate. By now the milk has begun steaming, and the heat from the stove envelopes you and fills your body. In this moment, you become one with the thing you are creating.

Only when the milk has come up to a simmer is it ready for the chocolate. Source your chocolate with care. It need not be the priciest and most extravagant chocolate you can find—it only needs the right balance of flavor: depth, but without being bitter; sweetness, but without being cloying. I most prefer good-quality semisweet baking chocolate for this. It has a high cacao content, and the texture lends itself perfectly to what we are making. But the primary rule of thumb: never use chocolate you would not eat on its own. This may prove to be difficult as you wait for the milk to simmer.

Add one piece of chocolate at a time—never all at once. Watch it first disappear into the depths of the pot and then reemerge as countless dark flecks, swirling around in a spiral as you stir. They linger just long enough as if to say, *Wait: Notice this brief moment, cherish it, take it for all that it is*—before finally dissolving. As you add each piece, stirring and stirring, the off-white milk takes on the faintest dusty tint of mauve, and then matures into a warm, earthy brown. The *chocolat* is now smooth and shimmering, thickening slightly as it continues to cook. This isn’t mere “hot cocoa”—it’s something else.

Remove the pot from the heat—but do not let it cool for too long. See if you can fish out the cinnamon stick—or leave it, and maybe it will find its way into someone’s cup. Pour some into your favorite mug, and top it with whatever you please: marshmallows, whipped cream, foamed milk, raw cacao, or nothing at all. Now it is ready to drink.

And at the end of this journey lies a destination. You are ready to take that first sip, to let the chocolat warm you from within and sharpen your senses—to taste and feel the deep, earthy cacao, softened and accentuated all at once by the milk, the brown sugar, the vanilla, the cinnamon. The weather outside disappears. All that remains is you and this cup, in this moment, and the ember kindled within you.

And once it’s gone, you realize that you could never drink Swiss Miss again. Hot chocolate from a packet begins to feel like an insult to living, whereas this is a celebration of it. Not that I judge people for drinking Swiss Miss; I always add it to hotel coffee to make my own on-the-go mocha. But on-the-go and in-the-moment are two different states of being. In this on-the-go world, we could all use a cup of *chocolat chaud*. Give it as a gift to yourself, a moment of stillness in the midst of all the bustle. Sip, my friend—sip, and *be*. 🐸

# The Goodhart’s Law Writing Competition

by J. E. Cramer

**Goodhart’s Law:** When a measure becomes a target, it ceases to be a good measure.

Goodhart’s Law is named for British economist Charles Goodhart, who in 1975 wrote “any observed statistical regularity will tend to collapse once pressure is placed upon it for control purposes” in criticism of the Thatcher government’s financial policy, but the idea itself has since been taken to describe a rather more general phenomenon.

Several days ago, after my first decent night of sleep in some time, I got to thinking about Goodhart’s Law, what makes writing by any objective means good or bad, and the spider on the wall opposite me. I thought about it all a little more, and then after I’d escorted the spider from the premises, I set to putting together the presumably first and probably least thought-out writing competition on the topic of Goodhart’s Law ever devised.

The list of prompts you absolutely do not have to use is as follows:

- Do you think percentage points used to grade assignments with no objective correct answers to them improves your performance and motivation?
- Do you find it harder to start or finish new projects?
- Identify one current global consequence of Margaret Thatcher’s economic policy.
- Describe in detail how you would defeat any Roman emperor in hand-to-hand combat. In this hypothetical situation, it’s early afternoon and you’re on level outdoor terrain, both dressed in modern casual clothing.
- What is your favorite card game? Why? Would you teach me how to play it if I asked you to? If I told you to?

The only rule of the Goodhart’s Law Writing Contest is that all entries must be exactly 26 pages long—any font, any size, any topic; anything you can fit into or drag out to 26 pages. We will accept only one work per person, and any found to be longer or shorter than 26 pages will be disqualified without hesitation or remorse. Winning entries will be determined by a panel of three of the meanest sons of bitches this side of the Mississippi River, all of whom know full well what they’re getting themselves into in judging this competition.

Prizes Include:

Honorable Mentions:

- An .mp3 file of the first five people we could find singing “Happy Birthday”
- Enough horseshoe nails to prevent the loss of a decent number of kingdoms

3rd Place:

- A sculpture of Charles Goodhart composed of household items and built by the facilitator of the Goodhart’s Law Writing Contest, who at the time of the statue’s construction will be blindfolded.

2nd Place:

- Empty but expertly decorated five-gallon bucket

1st Place:

- Wouldn’t YOU like to know?

Submit your 26 pages to [cryostaticpoetsociety@gmail.com](mailto:cryostaticpoetsociety@gmail.com) by November 30, 2022. By entering this competition, you are giving the powers behind the Goodhart’s Law Writing Contest permission to share your entry online under the name by which you submitted it in the first place. The Goodhart’s Law Writing Contest is open to students throughout the Five College Consortium. The Goodhart’s Law Writing Contest is in no way affiliated with the Hampshire Omen except in the Omen’s publishing this statement and the eventual announcement of who won and why they did. 🐻

# Check out Thanatos: an online magazine/website about death

by Arden Young

TW: death

Hello all! Please check out a project I have been working on with my friend Rebecca. Thanatos is a literary magazine that publishes pieces (poems and prose) about death, grief, and the afterlife; including/ incorporating both fiction and nonfiction submitted by authors from all over! The goal of the website is to encourage writers, artists, and readers to explore their own mortality by openly questioning, challenging, talking, reimagining, and learning about death and dying. I designed the Website and helped sort through, select, and format the submissions, but the project was Rebecca’s idea (she’s also the Editor in Chief and runs the social media and email, she’s awesome!). And we just published our first issue!! If you go to <https://www.thanatosreview.com/> (thanatosreview.com) and scroll down to the bottom of first page you will see the posts!! Also, we will be opening submissions for our Spring issue soon so keep a look out! THANK YOU!! -Arden





# SECTION LIES

## Blondie

A self-indulgent, ridiculously contrived, *Harry Potter* character study: an imagining of “canon” and “fanon” Draco Malfoy interacting with each other

by Malfoy Kimmel

It’s a gray, hazy day in London, and from opposite sides of the street, two men stride.

One of them is significantly closer to his destination than the other. His black peacoat, Saint-Laurent, of course, is buttoned to his chin. A gray-and-green striped scarf is wound tight around his skinny neck.

The other, also dressed head-to-toe in black, though considerably in more snakeskin leather, moves at a much more leisurely pace. He pauses to look in the window of a record shop.

A low crackle of thunder claws at the otherwise calm, grey sky, and both men pause at the sound. The first notices the leering expression of a gargoyle perching on a pillar nearby. The second tilts his head at the cover of Madonna’s *Madonna*, at the singers’ eyes which seem to pierce through him. Both feel as if they are being watched.

The first man gracefully ducks into an unnamed café just off the main street. He openly grimaces at the sheen of grease on the vinyl floor and wooden tables, but nonetheless, sits himself at one and reluctantly orders a latte and blueberry pancakes. The latte arrives just as the door chimes open. The seated man draws in a sharp breath at the sight of the newcomer. The man at the doorway spots his counterpart soon after; he smirks, takes off his green-tinted sunglasses, and hooks them at the neck of his black silk shirt.

“You’re late,” says the seated man petulantly; he is clearly younger.

“Incredible,” the other says, shaking his head in an amused disbelief. “You look...” And the words hang in the air: *The same*.

But not quite the same, not like a mirror image. The first speaker’s cheekbones are slightly higher, his nose upturned, the second’s face hollower, his Adam’s apple more pronounced. Still, they share silvery eyes, white-blond hair in a severe cut -- the second’s is longer on top -- pale skin, delicate, almost elfin features.

The first man, the one with the scarf, stiffly holds out a hand. “Malfoy. Draco Malfoy.”

“Draco,” the other replies, accepting the shake.

Malfoy raises a brow. “No surname?”

“Oh, I’ve got one,” Draco assures. “Either Malfoy, Malfoy-Potter, Potter-Malfoy, or Potter, depending on who you ask.” A wolflike grin grows upon his face.

“Hell!” Malfoy gasps. “Draco *Potter*? You cannot be serious.”

“Deadly. Espresso, thanks,” Draco briefly speaks to their waiter (a gum-snapping, curly-haired boy spawned as one of the many props in this scene).

“*Potter?*” Malfoy spits again.

“Yes, that’s what I said,” Draco says irritably. “Really, you ought to work on your listening skills. Or are you just surprised? You can’t possibly be surprised.”

“Surprised by the fact that you’re *married*” -- the word comes out in a garbled snarl -- “To the Boy Who Lived? Oh, *no*, how could that be surprising?” Malfoy’s sarcasm is as greasy as the floor.

Draco snickers, half-covering his mouth with his fingers, checkered with wrought-silver rings. “Please. I know you just about as well as I know myself. We’re not so different, you and I. And the fact that you are *flamingly* gay for Harry James Potter is not--” his words are punctured by a high-pitched gasp from Malfoy “--one of those differences.”

“I am *not*...” Malfoy looks around furtively, half-burying his reddening face into his scarf. “Gay,” he whispers.

“And I’m in love with Ron Weasley,” Draco replies with an impressively well-rounded eyeroll.

“Him, too?” Malfoy’s jaw drops.

“I was being sarcastic. Git.” Draco nods to the waiter as he brings the espresso, pancakes, and latte. “Anyhow, I feel like I’m taking up all the conversation. What’s been going on with you?”

Malfoy seems reluctant to move on from the whole married-to-his-enemy thing, but he recognizes Draco is finished speaking on the topic for now. Malfoy deftly pours syrup over his pancakes as he talks. “The same old, I suppose. I finally graduated.”

“Finally realized that our dad is a colossal and idiotic dickhead?” Draco offers.

Malfoy lets out a snicker, then looks around fervently, as if his father will come popping out of one of the diner’s peeling-paper walls like an apparition. “Right on.” He takes a sip of his latte, makes a face. “Ugh. Remind me why we’re here again?”

Both young men tilt their heads, as they receive an answer, dropped into their heads like a message from a god. (Yes, I am your god now. Hahaha. Talk talk talk, my puppets. You exist for entertainment.)

“So stupid,” the Draco Malfoys mutter in unison, then squint at each other.

“Anyway,” says Malfoy, determined to be blithe even under pressure, “What else... Ah, I’m working in a potion shop. Doing, you know. Potions things. And,” he added, lowering his voice, “Dealing out a bit of pureblood propaganda through the backrooms.”

“Oh, boo!” Draco rolls his eyes and plucks a less-than-fresh blueberry from Malfoy’s plate, throwing it at him. “Boooooo, not that pureblood shite again. I forget you’re not old enough for a redemption arc. Not yet, at least.”

“Redemption arc? What’s there to be redeemed from?” Malfoy says with a shrug, and at Draco’s aghast face, hurriedly adds, “Well, I don’t know if I really believe in blood supremacy and all, it’s just-- it’s a social thing, really.”

“A *social* thing? Merlin, off yourself. Actually--” Draco sucks in a breath between his teeth, “Don’t do that. I don’t know what will happen to me if you do.”

Malfoy juts his nose into the air. “You don’t know, huh? I’m the *original*, you see.”

“*I’m the original, you see*,” Draco mocks.

“Shut it.”

“*Shut it.*”

“So immature, honestly,” Malfoy huffs as Draco laughs behind a raised hand. “Can’t believe we’re cut from the same cloth.”

“Difference is, I was cut by mostly repressed homosexual teens, and you,” Draco raises his mug in a mock-toast, “By a homophobic, Twitter-twiddling, transphobic bitch.”

“What’s Twitter?”

Draco opened his mouth, then closed it. “I don’t know. Where did that come from?” (Don’t ask questions, dear boy. Shush.) He pressed pale fingers, beringed, of course, to his forehead. “Feel like I’m

going mental.”

Malfoy snorted, and politely swallowed his mouthful of pancake before speaking. “*Going* mental? Aren’t you already?”

“At least I’m medicated,” Draco sneered.

Malfoy flushed. “There’s nothing wrong with me.”

“Uh-huh. Sure.”

Forgetting for a moment his upbringing, Malfoy stuck his tongue out at his counterpart. Then he added more syrup to his pancakes. “I don’t understand why we’re here, still. But at least we get free food.”

Draco raised a perfectly plucked, pale brow. “Free?”

“Yes,” said Malfoy, as if Draco was supposed to have known this all along. “Writer’s paying.”

“In that case…” Draco said with a grin, flipping open a diner menu. “Merlin, you don’t know how hard it is, getting disowned and living on an amateur model’s salary.”

“Ha! Amateur?”

Draco scowled at him. “For now, prick. At least I’m working.”

“La, I didn’t realize I was in the presence of a working *adult*, pardon me.”

“Pardoned,” Draco said with an eyeroll. “It’s not a bad thing, working, you know.” Draco snapped the menu shut, pale eyes glinting with all the possible sandwiches he could take home and pop in the freezer. He snapped his fingers -- you can take the man out of the mansion, but you can’t take the impertinent-rich-boy-living-in-a-mansion out of the man. “Waiter!” 🙄

# Ethan and Natasha and You

by Sasha Wolf-Powers

Ethan eats slowly and methodically, cutting his sausage into small even pieces, and chewing it as quietly as possible, careful to follow table manners. The table vibrates from his constantly bouncing leg. Natasha grabs a piece of bacon and pops it into her mouth. She leans her elbows on the table, subduing the shaking.

“So we have class in 20 minutes,” Ethan starts, “Then we’ll head to the thrift store and the liquor store - Nathasha you’ve got your fake?”

Natasha rolls her eyes.

“No, I lost it in between when you saw me go into my room last night and now.”

“Just checking. Then we’ll stop at the lake on the way home, swim, do homework, then we’ll pregame till 11 and then we’ll head over to the party.”

Natasha nods while chewing and pushes herself back, so the chair rests only on its hind legs and only her tiptoes are still on the ground.

“Watch,” she says with a mouth full of bacon, pushing down into the floor to propel herself back. She starts slipping, the forces of gravity pulling her chair backward. She grabs onto you trying to regain her balance, yanking hard, almost pulling you down with her. Once she hits the ground her legs fly up and back as well, so she does a backward somersault. One of the other groups in the dining hall comes over to see if she’s okay, but she’s just laughing, splayed out on the ground. She gets up quickly and without help, and Ethan is distracted enough while watching her that he cuts an uneven piece of his sausage. 🙄

# Tunnel Vision Part 1

by CK

I start gaining consciousness, but my headache is the only thing I can focus on. The water trickles down onto my face. Each drop freezing cold onto my temple. The water rolls down my head and into my hair. I bring my hand to my face to wipe the wetness off my face. The soreness aches throughout my entire body. Each drop wakes me up little by little. I can’t fully recollect where I am or who I am..... How did I even get here? My eyes adjust to the light slowly as the pounding in my head overwhelms all my other senses. As my eyes seem to wake up, the light around me is hazy. It seems I may be in a tunnel of sorts. The soft hazy light illuminates the heavily overgrown brick walls. The walls are mostly made of vines, moss, and strange blooming plants.



I can’t even comprehend to think how I got here. Everytime I try to remember who I am my brain draws a blank. I figured maybe some of it would come back to me if I got up and started to look around. My clothes are subtly damp. As if the light dripping had gone on for a while. Which probably meant I was here all night or for some period of time. My aching body and head manage to force themselves to stand up and get my bearings. As I adjust to standing, I manage to look around a little more. I am in what seems to be an abandoned tunnel. The subtle green light careens all throughout the tunnel. One side is nearly pitch dark, and I see no end to it. The other side seems to be where the light is designating from. The choice is obvious between the two sides. If my common sense has told me anything, it’s never to choose the dark path. I walk toward the dimly lit side of the tunnel. There is nothing around other than rocks and random plants. I slowly and wobbly walk through the tunnel. There is no semblance of humanity. No objects. No litter. No tracks. No tools. No remnants of a society. Nothing. My footsteps echo throughout the tunnel as the hazy light grows lighter and lighter. The light deceives me as I don’t see the so-called end of the tunnel. Maybe it is some kind of corridor with lighting. The pounding in my



head elevates to some sort of migraine. I can barely open my eyes, and my steps slow down. The light is painful. Maybe I should have chosen the dark path against every instinct. Light is always the obvious option, though. I seemingly trudge through the plants and rocks at a snail’s pace. The light gets brighter and brighter. I reach no such answer to this immense light. Between the start-stopping of my slow pace, I hear something ricochet off what sounded like metal. The clanging sounded near and rightfully startled me. Through the hazy bright light, I look forward and see the silhouette of a person. They stand there. I can’t make out a face in the haze. They have long, draping black clothing.



My vision deteriorates as I get closer. My migraine overtakes all forms of thought. My feet stop as I manage a quiet call for help. “Hey there.... I don’t know where I am or how I got here.... Please show me out or help”... The words sting on my tongue as there is no immediate response. I start walking again.... It doesn’t seem like I am getting any closer. Hopeless feeling tears form in my eyes. Between the pounding in my head... my body being so sore.... Is my head playing some sort of trick on me?.... “I AM LOST” I yell out abruptly. I blink my eyes excessively and look intensely to see if I can manage to make out a face or some semblance of a person. It’s still too hazy.... My steps gain pace, and I get a little closer. Finally, they cry out..... “STOP WHO ARE YOU?!?!”..... In a moment of relief, I yell back, “I- I’m not exactly sure... I can’t remember anything....Can you remember?” Silence fills the tunnel.... For what seems like a very long time, I have been making my way toward this person, yet they still remain out of reach. “I DON’T REMEMBER EITHER.” “Walk towards me.... My body and mind is slowing me down, it seems”..... My voice echoes through. No response, just silence. The hazy lights start dimming. Darkness envelops the light almost instantly, and the silhouette in front of me escapes into the abyss. “Are you there?!?!?” I yell. I stop my feet to see if I can hear anything.... Mostly silence for minutes..... My eyes slowly adjust.....Then a pair of slow, methodical footsteps seemingly approach. They echo in my ears. “Who.... Who’s there?” I say softly.

TO BE CONTINUED... 🐼

**CONTENT WARNING FOR  
SUBMISSION ON THE  
FOLLOWING PAGE:  
DISCUSSIONS OF OBJECTS BEING  
INSERTED INTO BODIES (FOR REAL  
THIS TIME [IT’S VAGINAS])**

# Section Hate

## Things I'd Shove In My Vagina If I Was Brave Enough And Had Great Health Insurance

by Mia Sanghvi

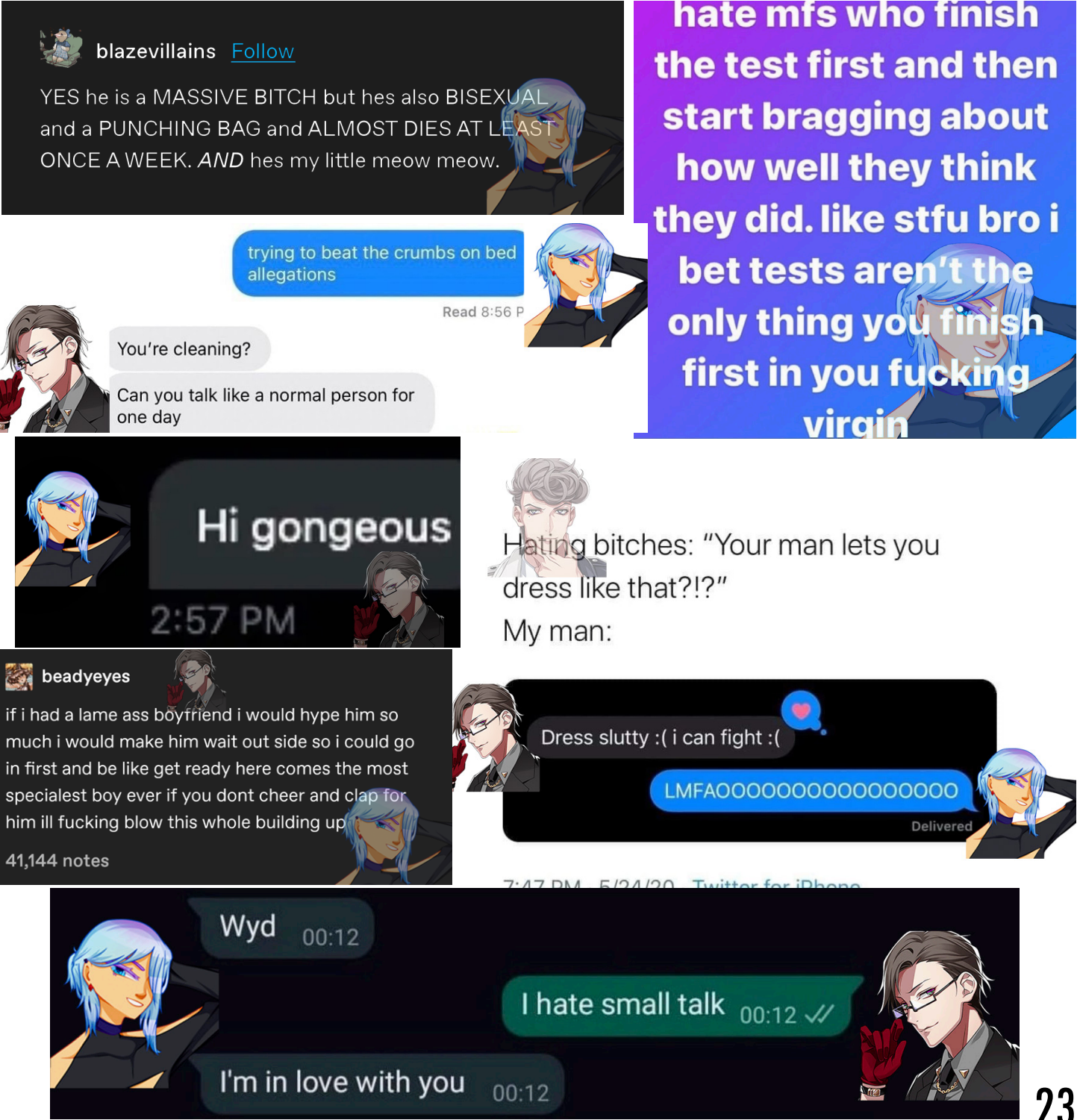
(Disclaimer: Please don't actually do any of these ever...come to The Sexperts, Tuesdays at 6PM in the Dakin Living Room, to learn more about safe sex!)

- Hooks made in the metalworking shop
  - Pinecone
  - Cactus
  - Kombucha bottle
  - A handful of dried seaweed
  - Boiled egg
  - Maraca(s)
  - Stand kitchen mixer
  - The ability to love
  - Wallet
  - Saxophone
  - Allergy medicine
  - Analog home phone
  - Beehive
  - Wii remote control
  - An entire Nintendo Switch
  - Epipen
  - Icecream cone
  - Walking stick
  - The cold, never-ending expanse of space
  - Door knob/handle
  - Corn dog
  - \$5 foot-long sub (not sponsored by subway)
  - Magician wand
  - Bedpost
  - Whisk
  - Incense
  - Russian nesting dolls
  - Pitchfork
  - Rain stick
  - Pokeball
  - Keyboard
- Lamp
  - The concept of time
  - Oboe
  - Mouse (computer)
  - Umbrella
  - Tripod stand
  - Bluetooth speaker 🐑


# more hypmic memes, but this time tsuyuki is here

by Leo Zhang

hey so i'm tired. i've been tired. i'm still tired. but i want to submit something to every issue of the omen If Possible so this is all i have to offer. the blue haired bitch with that shit-eating smirk on his face is my hypmic oc and he's everything to me and i will buy a pastry and a coffee or an equivalent breakfast for the first person who contacts me and guesses what kind of character he is with some level of accuracy. bonus points (extra pastry or coffee or pastrycoffee equivalent) if you manage to guess his dynamic with jyuto (red gloves, glasses, ugly) with some level of accuracy








**Amanda**  
@DADDYNEXXTDOOR

he's definitely a red flag but reds my fav color so WHAT IT DO BAAAABBYYY

4:21 AM · 6/22/19 · Twitter for iPhone



9:16 AM


so pretty

r u flirting with me

yeah

dont ever do it again

sorry



Pumpkin pasta you son of a bitch idiot


With a wooden spoon no less!

You wish

You fucking wish you were me

Delivered

iMessage



mydruggedthoughts

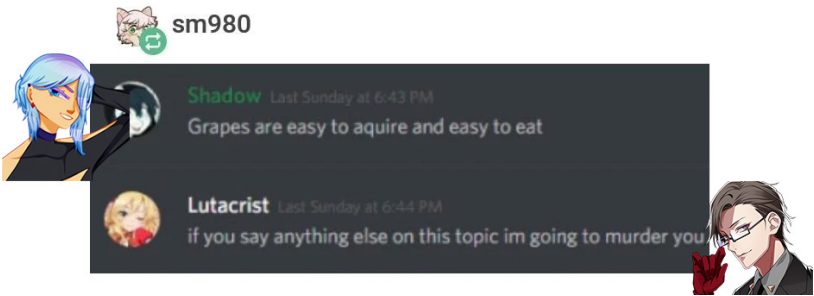
i talk a lot huh

Delivered

yes but it's nice

i like hearing your thoughts

Message




sm980


Shadow Last Sunday at 6:43 PM


Grapes are easy to aquire and easy to eat

Lutacrist Last Sunday at 6:44 PM

if you say anything else on this topic im going to murder you









**maamlet** [Follow](#)  
Oct 24

call my girl pickle the way shes always gherkin




**imlizi** [Follow](#)  
Oct 24

hi honey im home i hope youve posted lots of normal stuff about me today




**Anonymous said**

you should be addicted to shutting the fuck up




**hotmeat89**

You wanna fuck me so bad it makes you look stupid




**serotnin** [Follow](#)

does anyone else like... not know what they want... at all




**serotnin** [Follow](#)

Not me I want gay sex



**kristina100000** [Follow](#)  
Sep 8

i am so happy for you and your ugly fucking boyfriend im serious



**Matthew Burnside**  
@MatthewBurnsid7

my wife witnessed a miracle today & yelled across the house with an urgency that had me sprinting. I thought something terrible had happened but when i came into the kitchen she said: Look...

3:24 PM · 5/12/20 · Twitter for iPhone



# Mod 69 Modmate Agreement

by Isaiah Woods, Peter Lampropoulos, Leo Zhang, and Jay Poggi

## Kitchen

- Who is responsible for groceries?
- Will we share food? All of it? Some things?
- How will we know whose food it is? Labels? Something else?
- Who is responsible for cooking? Group meals? How often?
- What food allergies are there? What do we need to keep out of the shared kitchen space?
- Who is responsible for providing kitchen utensils? Is all of it shared? Some of it?
- What other supplies does the kitchen need? WHO provides them? Are they shared?
- How often will the whole kitchen be cleaned? Just the dishes? Who is responsible for each? What is considered clean enough?
- (21+) Will we keep alcohol in the kitchen? Is it shared?

- Jay drives those in need of groceries when both parties are free
- spices, condiments, farm share, eggs/butter, common ingred., <sup>ask first with other stuff</sup>
- we got it
- Feed ourselves unless want to do group meal
- we got it
- Left sink for allergens. And Special Sponge™
- Utensils: Shared
- Jay buys soap + stuff
- Peter + Isaiah wash dishes after using; Jay + Leo switch off Big Dish Time

## Bathroom(s)

- Where will our personal hygiene items be stored? In the bathroom or our personal rooms?
- How much time do we each need in the bathroom to get ready for the day?
- How often will the bathroom be cleaned? Who is responsible for cleaning the bathroom? What is considered clean enough?

### Living Room

- How are we going to use this space?
- How are we furnishing the living room? Do we have everything we need?
- How will we get any items we are missing?
- What items in here are shared? TV, gaming consoles, books, etc.
- How often will we clean this space? Who is responsible for cleaning? What is considered clean enough?

- Bathroom: Good
- Bathroom: Good
- Clean your own mess

- Thouroughly (e British Spelling)
- Yes
- We'll get them
- Shared
- Eretually

## Guests

- Can we bring guests into the mod?
- How often can we each bring a guest?
- Are we ok with guests staying overnight?
- Is there any limitation on who can be a guest?
- Can multiple people have guests at the same time?
- Where will guests sleep in the mod? Hosts room? Common space?
- How do we communicate when we do not want guests over for whatever reason?

- with permission, and modest (Free pass for Ed)

- Communicate

- $\uparrow \uparrow \uparrow \uparrow \uparrow$
- No?  $\uparrow \uparrow \uparrow$

A hand-drawn diagram of a simple circuit. It consists of a battery (represented by two cells), a bulb (represented by a circle with a cross inside), and a switch (represented by a line with a diagonal segment). The components are connected in a loop.

- Outside (1)

• Sam it???

500

Noise (this only pertains to YOUR mod, not other mods)

- Are you designating yourselves as a quiet mod? What does quiet mean?
- Are there specific times of day that should be quieter than others? What does quieter mean?
- How will we talk to each other if someone is too loud?

- Use brain, + mouth, and heart
- ~~morning~~ use hands
- With words

Compost, recycling, trash

- Will we be using the compost bins?
- Who is responsible for taking the compost, trash, and recycling to the dumpsters/compost area?
- How often will the compost, trash, and recycling be taken out?
- Does personal trash/recycling go out with the communal trash/recycling or are we each responsible for our personal trash/recycling?

- Yes
- Whoever's by the trash when full (except Leo [sm])
- Compost daily, trash/recycling when full
- Personal trash in big bag

Hampshire College Farm Share  
Vegetable Community Shared Agriculture Shares from the Hampshire farm are free for students in mods! You can get 1 free share per mod. More information can be found at <https://www.hampshire.edu/community-supported-agriculture-vegetables>

## Communication

- Talk
- Widen our mouths and breasts (you know the drill)
- Talk to housing

Do we want to participate in the project?  
Who is responsible for signing the contract?  
Will we go 2-6pm Tuesday or Wednesday?  
What will we do to remember the project?  
Who will pick up the produce?  
How will we share/split every-

WE GOT IT  
(most for all)

## Personal Items

- What are we willing to share? Not share?
- What do we need to ask to borrow? What's ok to borrow any time?
- When something is borrowed, what condition will we return it in?
- What will be kept in common areas? Personal rooms?

- Keyboard is communal (not in room = communal [unless no])
- As it was
- The <sup>communal</sup> things in common mess, other stuff in rooms

Other

- What else is important for us to talk about & have guidelines on?

We, the residents of mod 69 agree to the expectations and standards written above. We will use this agreement as a tool to hold each other accountable and resolve any conflicts that may come up. We understand that this is a living document, and changes can be made as necessary. We will keep a copy of this agreement somewhere accessible to all of the residents of this mod and residence life staff will have access to their own copies so they can refer to it to help us resolve any issues.

Signature: Peter Long Date: 9/13/22

Signature: Mr. [Signature] Date: 9/13/22

Signature: [Signature] Date: 9/13/22

Signature: [Signature] Date: 9/13/22

FROGS

And Toyuki 